Por. I pray you tarry, pauſe a day or two
Before you hazard: for in chooſing wrong
I looſe your company, therefore forbeare a while,
There's ſomething tels me (but it is not loue)
I would not loſe you, and you know your ſelfe,
Hate counſels not in ſuch a quality.
But leaſt you ſhould not vnderſtand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detaine you heere ſome moneth or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chooſe right, but I am then forſworne,
So will I neuer be, ſo may you miſſe me,
But if you do, you'l make me wiſh a ſinne,
That I had bene forſworne. Beſhrew your eyes,
They haue ore-lookt me, and diuided me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine owne I would ſay; but if mine then yours,
And ſo all yours. O theſe naughty times
Puts barres betweene the owners and their rights.
And ſo though yours, not yours (proue it ſo)
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I ſpeake too long, but tis to peize the time,
To eck it, and to draw out in length,
To ſtay you from election.

Baſſ. Let me chooſe,
For as I am, I liue vpon the racke.

Por. Vpon the racke *Baſſanio*, then confeſſe
What treaſon there is mingled with your loue.

Baſſ. None but that vgly treaſon of miſtruſt,
Which makes me feare th'inioying of my loue,
There may as well be amity and life
Tweene ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my loue.

Por. I but I feare you ſpeake vpon the racke,
Where men enforced do ſpeake any thing.

Baſſ. Promiſe me life, and ile confeſſe the truth,

Por. Well then, confeſſe and liue.

Baſſ. Confeſſe a
Had bene the very
O happy torment,
Doth teach me anſ
But let me to my f

Portia. Away th
If you do loue me,
Nerriſſa and the re
Let muſicke ſound
Then if he loſe, he
Fading in muſicke
May ſtand more pr
And watry death-
And what is muſic
Euen as the flouriſ
To a new crownd
As are thoſe dulce
That creepe into t
And ſummon him
With no leſſe preſ
Then young *Alcid*
The virgin tribute
To the ſea-monſte
The reſt aloofe are
With bleared viſag
The iſſue of th'exp
Liue thou, I liue w
To view the fight,

A ſong,

Tell me where is fan
Or in the heart, or i
How begot, how nou
It is engendered in th

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22297) LONDON, 1600 [1619] THE BRITIS